





Division 1

Section 7

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FOR HEATHEN LANDS.

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No. 1.

Many of our friends welcome gladly the suggestions lately given by us, to revive or stimulate earnest workers. To these we recommend some hints for help of the most useful kind printed in our Home Department. They will be all the more valuable when, as in the present number, they are suggested by our missionaries who know what they need, and plead urgently for this kind of assistance. To all we say: Read, and make a trial of the suggestions "in His name," for whom all work is done.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.

INDIA—Calcutta.

Letter from Miss Hook.

REVIEW OF WORK.

A few words in review of our work which has been abundant. The schools are well filled, and the examinations show that progress has been good both in Bible and secular instruction. In the zenanas many hopeful incidents might be detailed. At

our Friday evening prayer-meeting at the "Home," where we meet to commit the week's work to God, who can alone give the increase, requests for spiritual blessings are brought and thanks for answers are received. Where cases of conversion occur, we do not advise women to desert their families, but to remain at home, confess Christ openly, and if need be suffer persecution openly, until their husbands and children come with them for baptism. By this means they become missionaries in their own homes. Two young women under our instruction are now in this position. One commenced her Christian experience in our school at Allahabad on its first opening. She has exerted great influence on her cousin, and now both are working for the conversion of all in their household. One husband, although an infidel, is fond of his wife, and makes no objection to her praying in Christ's name in his presence. We have been much cheered by his request for a Bible, as he promised his wife to examine it. Both Babus are young, well educated and of high caste. We would like the friends at home to join their prayers with ours and those of these young wives for the conversion of their husbands.

Another woman who has professed herself a Christian has become a changed person, for her quick and angry temper is now soft and gentle, and her family declare her profession is a reality.

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Lately I visited a school where one hundred and five children are gathered in four rooms on one floor. Four of our native teachers go there daily, while a missionary superintends their instruction. After our examination in the lessons, we took up the gospel of St. Matthew. The temptation of Christ was the lesson for the day, and the replies to questions proved that the children had understood what they read and could make a practical application of it. When the lessons were finished, and several hymns were sung in parts with the whole school, I assure you, I stood in the door feeling as if I should be stunned by the magnitude of sound that rose from those little throats, and filled to overflowing the entire house. I felt quite overcome; it seemed as if God's presence was filling the house,

and as His praises were sung by a hundred little Hindu tongues, He was stretching out His arms with blessings on their infant heads. God grant that all may sing in the courts above.

THE NATIVE TEACHERS.

The seven teachers living in our Home are a great care to us but are very interesting, for I can see an improvement in them. Five are young and they are ripening, and I trust will be fine strong Christian characters. Every one such is better than many sermons in this land where the conscience is so deadened that it requires to be roused to recognize what sin is. These girls are learning that they must walk very carefully, and are watchful of themselves lest they might stumble. Some in the past have fallen away but have repented deeply, and their growth in grace since seems to have been all the more rapid. They are with us at our Friday prayer-meeting. One evening when we came together, it was found that Alice, a young teacher in one of the schools, was in great trouble, and had been crying bitterly because a pupil had been taken away, her father thinking she was learning too much Christianity. For two weeks we made this a subject of prayer, and Alice, in private, prayed much for the child. About three weeks have elapsed, and last Friday Alice came in with a joyful face, for without one word of explanation, the child had been returned to the school. This is only one of the items that prove to us that God is acknowledging and blessing our work. I see very much in the papers about our country's prosperity, and I hope money will be poured into our mission field. It gives me hope when I hear of you good people praying for us. You must not faint in the work, but stay our hands.

Lately Khanto, one of our good native teachers, had her eldest daughter married to a young man, a convert from Hinduism. As the girl is only fourteen, I did all in my power to delay the marriage. The native Christians, with the Hindus living all about them, find it difficult to break away from the old prejudices of the land. We need boarding-schools for native Chris-

tian girls that they may be brought under English influence when they become unmanageable at home. This bride is a bright girl, and with two years in a good school would make a fine woman. From the church they came here for refreshment, as Khanto's house is very small. Our room was decorated with flowers, and the sweets on a table in the middle. After all were seated the native pastor gave out a hymn and prayed, then each plate was first handed to the bridal pair, who sat together at the end of the table, and afterward passed to the guests. The whole affair was over by our breakfast time at ten o'clock, and all went out to teach as usual, except Khanto, who has two days' leave for the occasion.

Letter from MISS COLES.

INFLUENCE OF SINGING.

Most of the pupils in my zenanas are interesting, and have been taught by me for two or three years, so we are well acquainted with each other. The children in the zenanas are a great hindrance to the lessons being properly given. They are allowed so much their own way that they do not mind any one in the house, and persist in screaming and shouting, and making as much noise as possible in the same room where the lesson is given. I find this a very serious obstacle, and feel quite hopeless sometimes about ever being able to give a lesson properly. Another hindrance is that there is so much to look after in the house that the young Bo has frequently to get up from her lessons and attend to it. I think we need a great deal of patience and grace to contend with these difficulties, but thank God it is not all discouraging.

I went into a house a few weeks ago where I have two most interesting Bos. When I reached the top of the stairs I saw a large assembly of women, who seemed to be visitors, all lounging and talking. My Bo rose instantly and said that she was very sorry she would not be able to read that day, as she was busy getting my younger Bo ready to go on a visit to

her father, who was some miles away from here, and the train would leave in an hour or two. I asked who all her friends were ; she said they had come to say good-by to the young Bo. They all looked extremely idle, talking and lounging on the floor, and so I thought it would be a good opportunity to speak to them about the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Before I had time to propose it, some of the old women said : " Sit down, Mem Sahib, and sing us some of your sweet hymns." I sang to them " Here we suffer grief and pain," one of which they are extremely fond. The women seemed delighted and begged me to sing another. Of course I spoke to them about each hymn after I had finished singing it, and the questions they put, and their great eagerness to hear more about heaven and the Lord Jesus, was sweet to see. One of the things they said to me was : " Oh, Mem, it is all very beautiful, but we cannot understand it all ! It is easy for your Jesus to love you, for you are so good and lovely, and spend so much of your time teaching us poor benighted people ; but we are so sinful and cannot think or do anything right. God cannot love us as much as He does you." I assured them that He loved all sinners, and longed to have them come to Him ; that none of us were good and could do right or think right without God helping us. They said : " Yes, yes ; we have no faith, that is the reason we are so wicked." And then at last they said : " How much better it is to hear good words like these than play cards as we should have been doing." I often find some of the members of the family engaged in this occupation, and have spoken to them seriously about it. They have so little else to do, poor people.

In another house, not long ago, a young Babu came to me while I was teaching his niece, and said that some of the members of that family were very anxious to hear me sing some hymns after the lesson was over. It seems they used all to congregate in the next room and listen to my Bible lesson and the hymns before this, but now they stood around me and listened. I explained each hymn to them, and one young man, a brother of the girl I teach, seemed very much struck with the words

and asked where he could get a book like it. I gave him my copy, only too glad of the opportunity, and marked some of the prettiest hymns for him to learn. He seemed much pleased at my generosity. My pupil, I am sorry to say, has left Calcutta for some out-of-the-way village where, I am afraid, she will not hear much about the glorious Gospel, but she has taken her religious books with her, and I made her promise me she would read them and pray to the dear Lord Jesus to teach her and make her His child. She is about twelve or thirteen years old, and a very dear girl. I have had a letter from her. In this way we often meet with others besides our own pupils in the zenanas, and so have an opportunity of spreading the Gospel.

Letter from MISS CADDY.

LIGHTS SET ON A HILL.

I wish you could visit with me a dear pupil and her cousin, both earnest, devoted Christians, living consistent Christian lives, and thus letting their light shine in their heathen homes, and bringing others to the truth. Many others such there may be of whom we know nothing. Their faith is so simple and real, and from little incidents that are drawn out in conversation, my eyes have been opened to God's wonderful power and methods of carrying on His own work. Barradassi tells me that her younger sister, "Tharkor," and a brother, "Fakir," are also Christians. This brother and sister attended our school in Allahabad. Barradassi told me that Tharkor was once taken very ill with cholera. The doctors did what they could for her, and finally told the parents that they could do no more,—the child must die. All during her illness the child would follow Barradassi with her eyes, and when they were left alone at one time she said to her: "Sister, do *you* pray for me?" and then she made her promise that when she became insensible her sister should watch and see that none of the idols' medicines should be given to her. "So long as I have my senses *I will not take them.*" Was not this a victory of faith?

Letter from MRS. PAGE.

IDOL FEASTS.

A few days ago I visited a zenana, and a crowd of women gathered round me. They had been celebrating a poojah in honor of one of their household goddesses, and the floor was marked all over with different patterns in chalk and red powder. A small aromatic plant occupied a place of some prominence, because the god Hori is supposed to dwell in it. Seeing all this, I asked which was greater—the clay that the potter moulds according to his will into all kinds of shapes, or the potter who has such power of his own to mould the clay as he pleases. The women, never guessing how I was going to use their answer, immediately replied: “Why, of course, the potter is greater than the clay.” “Then,” I calmly rejoined, “you confess that you are greater than your gods, for they must needs be shaped and fashioned as you please, whereas our God is greater than ourselves, for He has created us, and in Him we live and move and have our being.” I told them about sin, and of Jesus who came to save us from our sins. * * *

Some listened attentively, eagerly; others smiled and said that “all religions were the same.” Still I think that some of the seed sown there has fallen into good ground.

The last week has been full of heathen processions and festivals in honor of the Hindu idols. It is painful to see a city like this wholly given to idolatry. This day the gods are to be carried down to the river in state, and then cast into the water. Wealthy natives sometimes expend large sums of money in adorning the images, and their houses are filled with a motley crowd, half curious, half superstitious, who sing and dance with all sorts of terrible contortions before the idols.

I had great trouble to drive through one of the streets this morning, it was packed so closely with Bengalis, who had gone to have one last look at their “mother Kali,” as they call the hideous black-haired idol with a large protruding tongue and eight arms. I came home sick and weary at heart. Mary is

still at Benares, and of all the cities of the world, Benares seems to me the one most given to idolatry.

The Indian Ceres or Anna Pournā is worshipped there with a great deal of pomp and show; dense crowds assemble about her temples, and her priests make quite a fortune by the sale of garlands of flowers that have been placed on her shrine for a moment, and thus rendered holy. Small lumps of soft clay, taken from the bed of the river, are consecrated by means of a few incantations, a little red powder and some sandal wood, and thus become gods.

I have often spoken to Bengali women about the folly and sin of such worship. Their usual defence is: "We know very well that this clay is not God: still we want some image of Him to keep our thoughts from wandering while we pray, and so we have this object." Roman Catholics have often answered me in the same way, and can we wonder at the poor ignorant heathen? Yet amid all this darkness there are many bright rays of light, and there are Christians even in the zenana.

One cannot restrain a feeling of wonder at the extreme apathy of the people of India. They ascribe everything to fate, and if you tell a man who has met with reverses that he must hope on and take courage, he will immediately reply, striking his forehead with his hand: "How can I do aught to help myself? My fate is written here, and I must submit."

When they do wrong deeds they blame their evil fortune, not themselves. I have often heard native women bewailing themselves thus: "O, my forehead! my forehead!" I never could have imagined that so much sorrow and trouble were traced there in such indelible characters.

Is it not sad to think that so many in this dark land are ignorant of a tender, merciful Father, whose name is Love, while they place implicit faith in the being of a personified Fate, cruel, hard, blind to their wants, and deaf to their cries and entreaties?

"India for Jesus" was the motto I saw on a mission box to-day. Let this be our battle cry! Charge we Satan and his angels with these brave words!

INDIA—Allahabad.*Letters from MISS LATHROP.**(Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.)***A STRIKING CONTRAST.**

Again we go our rounds in the day instead of early in the morning, as the women's duties to their husbands and families prevent their reading until the business houses open. So long as they open early in the morning we can go then, and when the government schools change hours we must also. About two weeks ago cholera made its appearance in the station, at first among Europeans. Many were ill ; several died in the railway barracks close by us. It has now spread to the native city ; every day the poor people are bewailing their dying and their dead. None of our grown pupils have died, but I hear this morning of the death of one of our little Bengali school-girls. She was one of the youngest, not more than four or five years old. We are all well. It has often been a matter of wonder and praise to us that although cholera, small-pox and fevers have at different times prevailed, we have been preserved. Since the first of July we have had many doors opened to us. I was in a Mohammedan village two mornings ago, where the people seem anxious to have a school opened for girls. So far I have not been able to find a Christian teacher who understands the Veda in Persian character, and nothing else will satisfy them. I can get a Mohammedan teacher, but as they are willing to have a Christian I want to find one. I have the promise of two more schools among the Hindu girls. Last evening I visited a native Christian village a short distance from the city. I went in pursuit of the teacher I spoke of, and for one to send to Miss Ward at Cawnpore. As we entered the great road bordered on either side by mango trees, passed the well-built white house, the nice brick church and school-house, and saw the people looking so happy and peaceful, many of them resting at the close of the day's labor on the green in front of their

houses, with their children playing about them, I thought of those at home, who ask, with a doubtful air, *if missions pay*. I wish such could contrast this spot, as I did, with numberless heathen and Mohammedan villages all around us, where ignorance and superstition and dirt abound. Not a European lives in this place. It is under the care of a pastor of the church, a gray-haired Christian patriarch, who, as an orphan boy, received his education and training in an orphanage. He came out on the verandah to meet us, dressed in the white costume of his race. His face beamed with kindness, and afterward, when I saw his manner toward his people, some of whom he called about him to speak with them of our errand, I did not wonder at the power he has over them. A large number of Christians are congregated here, some employed in government offices, others as teachers, others still as agriculturists. All seem busy, contented and happy, seeming far in advance of their heathen neighbors, many of whom are richer far than they.

WHAT OUR WORK IS.

There is much here to encourage and cheer us, and to make us feel that although the work is hard, it does and will pay well. A native official came in here on business a few mornings since ; as he was going away he said : " You (referring to the zenana missionaries) are doing more than any one else to elevate the people of this country."

While I would not say that zenana missions did more than any other agencies, I do think we come as near the foundation of the matter as anything can.

When the Bible is read and received by the mothers, there is great hope for the children ; and then the dear little ones we gather into our schools ; it would do you good to see the zest and earnestness with which they come back to their books now that their long holiday is over ; and if the Calcutta Orphanage had done no further good, I should be thankful for it on account of the help it is to us here in giving us teachers so faithful and painstaking as the three we have. They recommend

Christianity to their pupils by their consistent lives as well as by their words.

Fortunately, when this property was purchased, there was at the back of the main building a small bungalow, which has answered admirably for a school-house, and as a place for our native teachers to live, with an old woman who is like a mother to them. They are near enough so that we can have them under our own eyes, and still they feel they have their own home. We have now ten ladies engaged with Miss Jones and myself in Allahabad.

In addition to our schools with an average of 450 pupils, we have more than 200 families which are visited weekly, and the women instructed in what helps to make them wise for this world, and will, I trust, be an everlasting benefit when this world has passed away.

* * * Our work is abundant, and, we think, very hopeful; although the day for ingathering has not come. The seed is being richly scattered. The Word of God is willingly taken and read, and instruction received. Some who will gladly accept and read a portion of the Bible, or a good book, will not buy it. We meet in the native families many young boys in government schools. In those schools they get a good English education, but no religious teaching whatever. I like to be able to give them books, either in English or the vernacular and I know they are read sometimes with great interest.

When the girls go out from the schools, if we have it, we like to give to each a copy of the New Testament in Bengali. These are highly prized as a parting gift—if for no other reason. Many of the children go far away, and we hope in this way to spread the knowledge of the truth. * * *

The greater number of pupils are Bengali, though we have a good many up-country Hindus and Mohammedans. We have been able to open a school for the last class of Mohammedan girls. We have often before tried this and failed, the "New Testament" being the stumbling-block. They would like the secular without the religious teaching, but this we never give. The school I speak of has gone on for months without a child

being withdrawn on account of Bible teaching, and we hope it is a permanent thing. There is more encouragement in the work among the children than with the older pupils; they are in school all day and their minds are free from household cares and troubles, so that they usually give better heed to their lessons; still the women in the zenanas, we can have more directly under our influence, although caste prevents their being with us as boarders. They are all to us very interesting pupils, and I am always rejoiced when friends at home so far sympathize with us in the effort to teach and elevate them as to give us substantial aid.

Letter from MISS JONES.

(Communicated by the Philadelphia Branch.)

CHARM FOR CHOLERA.

We hear of sickness and death on all sides, and the grief of these people is so wild at the loss of their dear ones that it is almost a hopeless task to try to comfort them. We see many painful sights which are very discouraging. One of these is the worshipping the god of cholera. Yesterday, while visiting from house to house, we met with this wherever we went. In one house, while teaching a woman and a little girl, I heard the sound of drums and bells in the street. It soon reached the door of the house where I was teaching, and stopped, while a priest cried out to the inmates to know if he was to do poojah in the temple for them, telling them that it would cost them four pice (about three cents). The woman sent the little girl to tell the priest that she would send the offering an hour later. The priest with his musicians passed on, after charging them to be sure to send the pice with the offering. The woman said the offering would be a vessel of water, a few flowers and rice. They send this each day. When asked why they did this, the Bo said: "So many are dying of cholera, in our books we are told to do this to keep the disease from our household." All this is very sad and discouraging; it is sometimes much easier to look at the obstacles in the way of these people becoming Christians, than it is to look at God's almighty power.

INDIA—Cawnpore.*Letter from MISS WARD.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT CAWNPORE.

Last Sunday I wish you could have been with me to have seen for yourselves, but as that was not a possibility, let me tell you what I saw. We drove through the narrow streets of the city, everything appearing as on an ordinary day—shops all open, loaded carts rattling along, and people going here and there on business just as though it was not Sunday. We finally reached a narrow lane—so narrow that our gari could not pass through it, and we were obliged to walk. The people here knew who we were, and said to us: "Oh! the school is ready for you—the children are waiting." After a short walk we came to a low door which opened on a small court, and at the end of this, on a veranda, was gathered a strange group of bright, black-eyed, dark-skinned little folks, all girls, although you might have thought them all boys, as they wore long pantaloons made of colored calico, and pieces of white muslin wrapped around the head and shoulders. In the shade of the court were some women who had come to hear the singing,—altogether over forty. We sat on the veranda and the children sat on mats around us, with their feet crossed under them. We sang over and over again, "There is a happy land," and then told them about heaven and Jesus. After a native hymn, the children answered questions about the story of the first sin, a lesson they had before been taught. They made some mistakes, but so would some Sunday-schools in America.

We then wanted to have a talk with the women. The children sat very still while we tried to point out the way of salvation for them. Again a hymn was sung and then prayer. As we arose from our knees one woman said: "A good prayer, but in the name of Jesu Masih (Jesus Christ);" and another said: "True, but what harm is there in that?" and others said: "Good words." We expect opposition, but are always glad when those of their own number uphold the words of truth.

Next Sunday we hear there will be some Hindu girls in the school, and these are worshippers of idols. Both Mohammedans and Hindus need to be taught about Jesus. I hope you will often think of and pray for these dear children. We have our Sunday-school here about eleven o'clock, which in America would be three o'clock Sunday morn, as our day commences ten hours before yours. So you may know when you gather together, the Cawnpore Sunday-school is over and that night is near.

Letter from MISS GARDNER.

DAILY INTERESTS.

Our work is opening and spreading rapidly. The lack is more of workers and means than of opportunities to teach of the "unsearchable riches" in this far-off land. The work that interests me most is my own little school. It is taught four days in the week by a native teacher, but on Fridays and Sundays I am always present myself, and drill each one separately. Each child in it I feel, in a certain way, responsible for, and while I love them, every one, I am always saddened when I look in their faces and realize how much is to be rooted out and overcome before the blessed truth taught them can sink into their hearts. Besides this, which is my school, there are three others started, and we hope great things from them. I love my zenana women too, though I must frankly confess that at first I thought I should not. The zenanas were so dirty and the odors so disagreeable to me, that I feared I should never like to go out, and would only go from a sense of duty. But I do enjoy it, and am devoutly thankful, for no good work can be done for the Master unless there is more than duty in it. They are all very patient with me in my slowness to use their language perfectly, and I appreciate that, I can assure you. One good woman corrects my pronunciation, and takes the greatest possible interest in my progress. She suggested once: "If you only could live with us for a while."

Letter from MISS ANTHONY.

HEARTS WON OVER.

I have access to four Hindustani houses by meeting some of the people at the bathing Ghats. After my pupils' lessons are finished, I read to them and sing, and I generally have a number of listeners, for the women gather around me when the singing begins. They are not only attentive listeners, but are anxious to commit to memory the hymns I sing. Two weeks ago, in one of the houses, I met a little girl who said she wished I would go to her house and teach her. She led me to her home through a number of lanes, chatting pleasantly, or, when not speaking, softly humming the hymns I had just been singing about Jesus being our Saviour. Her mother received me very ungraciously, and after a time was positively rude. However, as she did not turn me out, and as the others in the house seemed very pleasant, I said nothing to her. Even the singing seemed not to have the slightest effect on her. I went there again yesterday, fearing that I should be told to discontinue my visits, but, to my astonishment, I was received with a smiling face; and when I asked, after teaching the little one her lessons, whether I should sing to them, the mother said: "Of course; that is just what concerns me. I like your hymns." I had a number of listeners, and you can imagine how much encouraged I felt. In another house, my pupil is also a little girl—such a clever, intelligent little thing. Her mother (she has no father) is a money-lender, and is immensely wealthy, and yet they live in such a miserable little hovel. Her mother is at present under a vow not to speak on Mondays from sunrise to sunset, and it is amusing to see the efforts her people have to make to understand her, for although she does not talk, she takes an interest in all that goes on around her, and has "her say" in everything. She is really such a nice woman it is sad to see her given over to such bigoted idolatry. She has asked me to lend her books of wisdom, and I have given her some. She is very anxious that her little girl should hear and heed the words of wisdom which I read to her

from the "Peep of Day." I hope and pray that the Spirit may touch their hearts, and lead them to Christ, the True Wisdom.

I have one very intelligent pupil in a Hindustani house, who has made very great progress since I have been here. Several other little girls began with her ; some have given up altogether, while the others are just plodding on, and this little one has outstripped them all, and can read quite well. I gave her a reading-book when she had finished her first book, and was surprised when I went there the following week to hear her say she would not read that book. I asked why, and she said that in some of the lessons it said that it was wrong to worship the cow, so she could not read it. Some others standing by remarked it made no difference what was written in the book as long as she did not follow its teaching. "No," said the grandmother of the child, "she would still be repeating those words with her lips, and that would not be right." I had a Hindu copy of the "Peep of Day" in my hand, and asked if she might read that instead, and they willingly agreed to that, as that, they said, was the book of wisdom, and tells all about God. I was no less pleased that she should read for herself about Christ. I spoke to them of the vanity of trusting in other than the true God for salvation. They listened very quietly, but were not convinced that it was not right to worship the cow. I have a new house where I have three pupils—the Bo, her daughter, and the servant. I like them very much. Generally there is a Brahmin priest, who lives in the house, present while I am teaching ; but as he receives a Bible lesson, for he listens while I talk to my pupils, and does not attempt to interfere or argue, I do not object to his presence.

Miss WARD writes : The women at the bathing place gave us a warm welcome after our holidays. One woman said : "Oh ! I have been praying to the great God that He would send our lady back to us. We waited so long we feared she would never come." It is pleasant to know they appreciate our visits, and that the time of holiday, which seems so short to us, is long because they are watching for us.

JAPAN—Yokohama.*Letter from MRS. PIERSON.*

A NEW FIELD.

Thinking you would enjoy some incidents of a missionary tour to the North-western Provinces of Japan during the summer vacation of 1880, I will send a part of my journal. As a party of dear friends kindly invited me to accompany them on an evangelistic tour to a North-western Province of this empire, I gladly accepted. More delightful and congenial companions could not have been found; rich in experience of a Saviour's love, full of ardent zeal in His service and thoroughly consecrated to Him, so that we were in perfect sympathy. The place of our destination was Morioka, and being about four hundred miles from Yokohama, we were well aware that trials and difficulties awaited us, both by land and sea. As we took our steamer the evening was bright and starry, and the surface of the water like a polished mirror. The flitting lights of the small boats passing here and there, with the wild cry of our lookout, constantly reminded us that the firm old land was receding and we were on the inconstant deep. The sentiments of our hearts found expression in the sweet evening hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the evening tide," while many other sacred songs floated over the dark silent waters.

Reaching the Japanese screw steamer, we found it very uncomfortable and illy adapted to the wants of foreigners. The little state-rooms were stifling, and our party passed a miserable night. Our course by ship was directly north, at first, sailing in sight of the shore over peaceful water, but the next morning the shores on either side receded and the sea became rough and troubled. The next morning we observed the rocky island of Kinkazan, within twenty miles of Hobiru, where we were to anchor. Soon the range of hills Matsuyama appeared, lifting their imperial crests to the blue sky, and we entered the harbor, an inland sea containing eight hundred islands. Here and there they rested like sweet gardens of verdure and bloom upon the sea. This verdure is not the result of cultivation,

but the luxuriant growth of indigenous shrubs and plants. Sometimes a single circular limestone rock with a tuft of waving grass for its crown, rose out of that sea ; or a long line of white old boulders, in every shape and form, appeared in the distance like ancient castles, temples and archways, crumbling away like the old landmarks and heathen institutions of this empire. A nation's history, a nation's romances carved in stone !

We had thus passed one hundred and seventy miles of our journey, and there remained two hundred and thirty more. These words are full of deep significance ! They do not imply a seat in a palace car, ample food and refreshment by the way, nor rest at night in comfortable hotels. We know what they mean, that is, the deprivation of those things we prize as pleasant and desirable. They suggest sleeping on the floor in houses infested by noxious insects, sitting on the floor, eating from a cloth spread on the floor, and that the privacy to us so sacred cannot be found in a Japanese house. We shrink into the corners, we hide behind the screens in vain ; the inquisitive genius of this people is irrepressible. No foreign ladies had ever ventured thus far into the North-western interior, and the whole population turned out to catch a glimpse of us.

We walked to the town of Shiogama,—the name is significant of the character of the place, meaning salt-oven, the first salt works having been here established by government. The northern dialects differ from the southern and from each other, but not to any great extent. After some necessary refreshments, I ventured a few words to the girls of the house on the great subject which lies uppermost in my heart, the salvation purchased for sinners by Jesus. Toward evening, Mr. Prate spoke to a street audience from the balcony of our hotel. A vast concourse of men, women and children assembled and listened attentively to his exposition of the truth as it is in Jesus, then I sent a messenger to call in the women that I might tell them of heavenly things, and make known the only way of life. Several men urged me to admit them also, but I sent them to Mr. Prate, who was waiting to receive inquirers. The women assembled, old and young, sad and gay, rich and

poor, all equally precious in the sight of God. It was the same sad story of man's fall, the sweet glad story of his redemption through the perfect sacrifice of Jesus, of judgment and eternity. They heard and wondered silently. When I ceased, an aged woman asked me to teach her to pray. That was the introduction to the presentation of God's attributes, His omnipotence and omniscience. Because omnipotent, His worshippers need not to ascend the mountain or go down into the sea to find Him, for He is not far from every one of us. Because omniscient, He knows His true worshippers, who love and obey Him. Then to this wonderful God, so pure, so merciful, we all bowed in humble supplication.

The inducements for undertaking a journey of four hundred miles in this country were many; and first of all, there was a call into the northern portion of this vineyard for seed-sowing, to which my heart responded. The old field of labor at Hakone was supplied with workers. Among them two of our Bible readers were sent, upon the earnest solicitation of the people in that region. A Christian woman who has been attending my meetings for three years, also accompanied her husband to a village not far from Hakone, and has been laboring faithfully among the women there. The accounts of work in that vicinity are delightful and encouraging. To me, a new field has been opened by the Divine Master, whose people and interests will always occupy a warm place in this heart. I have returned, feeling deeper pity than ever for these poor benighted ones, bound in the iron chains of a spiritual captivity; either darkened and oppressed by their old superstitions and false worship, or led away by Romanists or Greek missionaries. Of these latter, I have met a great number of women who have adopted that faith, and who came frequently to my room to talk with me. The work was delightful, and our stay consequently prolonged beyond our utmost expectations.

Since my return we have experienced, Oct. 3d, a most fearful storm,—really a typhoon. The roofs of our buildings were broken and the walls and ceilings seriously damaged, but our lives were preserved.

Letter from MISS FLETCHER.

SUMMER IN THE MOUNTAINS.

I had a delightful sojourn this summer at Nikko, a place among the mountains of the same name, two days' journey from Tokio. Many centuries ago a priest went to this place and climbed these mountains in order to ascend a great peak that rises above all the others. He reached the beautiful lake at the foot of this peak, but could get no higher on account of the storms which drove him back to the valley. Here he built a temple to the god who had sent a dragon to help him cross a river on his journey, and here he spent fourteen years in his devotions. At the end of that time he started for the mountain a second time, and this time was successful. When he came to the lake, after his ascent of the mountain, he built a temple on its shore at the place where he started, and dedicated it to the gods or goddesses who had assisted him. The great mountain, Nantaizan, is now sacred, and is ascended by thousands of pilgrims, who every year follow in the footsteps of the superstitious old priest. The lake is there as he saw it, and is called after the name of the temple, Chinsen-ji, Middle-step temple. Between the fifth and eleventh days of August of last year there were fifteen thousand pilgrims in the little village here, which is only occupied during the summer, except by the families in one or two inns, who perhaps live there constantly. Nantaizan is the second sacred mountain in Japan, Fujiyama, matchless for beauty, being the first. I made the ascent of Fujiyama the first summer I was in Japan, and the morning that we reached the top there were said to be fourteen hundred pilgrims ascending and descending. On our way descending we met an old woman, gray and bent with eighty years, she said, and climbing twenty-five miles to worship on the top of a mountain! I was inclined to doubt the fact of her being eighty years old, for women are aged here at fifty. Women do not ascend Nantaizan, it being almost impracticable, though only two and a half miles from the lake is its summit. Far down in the valley below is the village of Nikko, and near it the first temple built by the

pioneer priest. Spanning the rushing river between is the Jambashi or Dragon Bridge, built in commemoration of the miraculous appearance and aid of the dragon. It is raised on immense stone pillars, and is covered entirely with red lacquer, ornamented in black and gilt. It was formerly sacredly used by the Shōguns and pilgrims, but is now closed, and stands a decaying monument of ancient Japan. I have no time to tell of the wonderful temples for which Nikko is so famous, built in honor of two of the early Shōguns or Tycoons; nor of the stately groves and the beautiful water-falls that make it a paradise of beauty and splendor, where nature and art unite to make it, as the name expresses, the "day's glory." In contrast with all the painful superstitions of such places as Nantaizan and Nikko we come back to the simple grandeur in the worship of the Christian's God, and week after next we hope to unite with hundreds of His faithful servants in a great service of praise. A camp-meeting is to be held for three days in the public park of the Uyeno in Tokio, permission having been received from the home department of the government for its use, and the cordial assent of all the churches in the neighborhood of Tokio and Yokohama having been given to the preparations for the occasion.

The Little Dancer.

At a large temple in the place where I stayed this summer, and where thousands of pilgrims go every year, I saw a little girl dance the *Kagura*, or sacred dance. She was in a large, beautiful room near the temple, and when any of the pilgrims came to see her, they would throw a few copper cash (a round piece of money with a hole in the centre) on the floor or steps of the house, and she would come out and dance, shaking a wand of bells with one hand and moving a fan gracefully with the other. It was a very queer dance, and I felt very sorry for the poor child. Sitting still upon the floor, or else moving about in that strange, unchildlike way, I saw her at the window afterward and talked a little to her.

CYPRUS—Larnaca.*Letter from MRS. FLUHART.***A GREEK WEDDING.**

One of the best physicians in Larnaca thus explained to me the cause of its being so unhealthful to live in. Besides some unhealthy marshes in the vicinity, there are underlying the place the ruins or débris of an ancient city (thought to be ancient Kitium), and there is no solidity a few feet below the surface. There is a poisonous vapor constantly rising from this, which, in daytime, is counteracted by the purifying influence of the sun's rays; but at night it performs its evil work unmolested, entering open windows, attacking imprudent persons out at night, etc. He said leaving a window open at night will inevitably sooner or later cause fever. The nights are very hot, and if one does not violate this rule, he awakes in the morning stupefied by the close air, and seeks the open air as quickly as possible. It is very difficult not to expose one's self to this liability to have fever. The Cypriotes are very sensitive in regard to their climate, and say the foreigners do not understand how to protect themselves, and for this reason suffer. Yet there is scarcely a Cypriote family of my acquaintance that has not at least one feverish subject.

Just before leaving Cyprus, I attended a wedding which took place at the residence of the bridegroom, a teacher about 60 years of age. After so many years of bachelorhood, he decided to take to his home a nice energetic young lady, apparently about 25 years old. We were early, and when we entered, were met by the bridegroom and his mother, and ushered into the parlor, a very plainly furnished apartment. It is seldom one sees an elegant parlor in a Cypriote house. The walls are usually bare, or, if pictures exist, they are very poor ones and void of taste. After a while the gentleman invited me out to see a large chart of language upon which he had spent all his spare time during thirty years, and then four years in arranging the materials. He also exhibited an astronomical chart, which

I thought a copy, rather than a work of his own invention. After examining these he asked me if I would like to see the bride, and left me at the door of a room into which I entered without introduction. The bride, in the usual costume, was seated in the centre of the room in a most uncomfortable posture, which she only changed for an instant to offer her hand when we entered. Soon others came in, and we retired to the parlor. When the hour arrived, or rather long after the appointed time, the bride entered and was seated on a divan amidst some lady friends. A few minutes later she was escorted to the church by her brother, who officiated as father. The invited guests all followed in a body through the streets. In the church, the bride and groom took their places in front of the altar, on which were the bridal wreaths, and around which were five of the clergy, the Archimandrite officiating. Behind the couple stood two gentlemen and two ladies, who might be called groomsmen and bridesmaids; but instead of merely attending, they assume toward the couple a similar relation to that of godfather or mother toward godchild, they defraying the expenses of the wedding. The ceremony is long, and performed not with a ring but rings. The sign of the cross is made with the rings, upon or before the forehead of each, and the rings are then placed upon the fingers. The bride, as usual, wore an orange wreath, but two others, mentioned above, were supplied by the attendants. They are taken through the same ceremony as the rings, and then placed upon the heads of the parties. After changing these three times from bride to groom, the marriage dance begins, in which the entire party, led by priests, bride and groom, walk around the altar several times. During the dance, confetti and small coins were thrown upon the pair. The coins were to set the poor boys to scrambling and render the scene more laughable. The ceremony ended, we returned to the house, but through a dirty way into the back-door. I was told that in Cyprus the bride never returned into the house by the same door. It is a bad omen. Congratulations, refreshments, music and an ancient Greek dance closed the ceremonies.

Home Department.

Work for the Willing.

In a recent letter from India, the missionaries express with deep gratitude their interest in the papers and periodicals of the day, which have been sent them by the thoughtful friends of the Society. This has suggested to us the wish that this part of our work might be systematic and regular ; that the missionaries, who are absorbed in one round of duty, may be cheered and stimulated by receiving proofs of our interest in them as individuals.

We have just learned of a beautiful work accomplished by the Bible class of our active President of the Albany Branch, Mrs. R. Strain. The nineteen members of this class systematically secure religious papers, which have been read by subscribers, to be sent to the earnest workers of Home Missions in distant parts of our own country, thus giving to those who are often isolated an inspiration only to be received through the instrumentality of sympathy. A correspondence at once is opened with these servants of the Master, less favored than we in large cities, and not an opportunity is lost to make the papers a bond which time and distance cannot break.

Will it not be possible for us to accomplish the same for our forty missionaries now working in various fields ? Who will respond to this appeal, by assuming the loving care of one missionary to whom their periodical reading can be sent ?

When Miss Crosby was in this country, she often expressed the wish that a good library could be collected for our "Japan Home," so that our young girls who have been trained by Christian counsel could enjoy the reading which would expand their mental powers as well as cultivate their hearts. The com-

mencement of a library was made at that time. Who will add to it? We can none of us forget that this thoughtful care for our missionaries formed one of the constant services rendered to the Master, by our late beloved President. New books and papers detailing the current events of the day, were sent with despatch to foreign lands, making the giver and receiver one in common interest. The rich legacy of this example is bequeathed to us. Shall we accept it?

Ways and Means.

Many of the Superintendents of our Mission Bands ask us how they can sustain the interest of their meetings. We know of but one way to make these gatherings a success, and that is to provide work for the members, knowing well that we love that for which we labor.

One or two suggestions come from our missionaries, which we offer in this department.

Miss Hook, in a recent letter, makes an urgent plea *for one thousand dolls* for Christmas. She suggests that if each member of a Band will dress one doll, there will be an adequate supply.

Miss Hamilton adds: "You may be sure dolls will be thankfully received, particularly if they are black-haired and are china-headed ones. They are preferred by the girls to the wax, fair-haired ones we admire as well as the others. They like china dolls because they last longer than wax ones, and they admire black hair more than light, as they here believe that among themselves black hair is a sign of respectability. Among the lower orders of natives we often see untidy heads of light, not what we would call fair hair."

Will our friends kindly act upon this suggestion during the coming year? If those sending boxes will wrap the heads, arms, and feet of the dolls in cotton, and pack them closely, there is little danger that any will be broken.

Again, Miss Sunder writes : " Sometimes I have a recruiting month and tell all the children that for each new child they bring to school I will give them a picture, and this makes them put forth all their energies. I must tell you how I get these pictures. I find it too expensive to buy so many, so I beg around for all the old periodicals and papers people do not want, and soon have a large stock of pictures to give away."

Surely many a Band could beg or save pictures in illustrated papers or periodicals which are cast aside, and spend one afternoon each month in cutting out and sending them by mail to India, where thousands of little girls, who do not know about the great world they live in, could be taught many a useful lesson.

One friend sent a very ingenious picture-book to India, filled with the beautiful advertising cards of the day pasted on muslin.

Miss Ward, from her new home in Cawnpore, writes : " Some one, in the last box, sent some pretty picture-cards, and if the donor could have seen the pleased looks of the children, when given out last Sunday, she would have felt satisfied. At the end of the year I want to give some articles of clothing to the scholars instead of dolls, as their parents would probably take the dolls and sell them. Remnants of calico would be very acceptable for this. A little ' Roorta ' kind of jacket would take about a yard ; perhaps for the small children three-quarters of a yard would answer."

On this point Miss Sunder adds : " I have just begun teaching my children plain sewing. The idea is this : every girl who is present at 11 o'clock will be taught to sew. There is a wonderful improvement in regularity. I laid in a stock of half a dollar's worth of bits of print of various colors, and this put together does wonderfully."

Could not our workers collect and baste for sewing bright calico patches ?

Another excellent plan to sustain interest is to make each member of a Band responsible for some mission information at each meeting. Let a certain member be obliged to bring some

facts or stories relating to the various mission fields of the Society. The amount of information this plan would develop cannot be estimated.

Our Illustrated Paper.

We have recently issued a little special paper called OUR JAPAN HOME, which contains three very attractive illustrations of the "Home," the "Children's Home," and a "Group of our Japanese Bible-Readers." We hope that this paper, with its life-like pictures and interesting reading matter, may prove helpful to our collectors and Mission Bands in the important and responsible work which lies before them through this year. To every one reading these words we would say: Please send for this paper if you have not seen it; examine and see if it is not in *your* power to make such use of it as may advance our union mission work and aid our treasury. Twenty-five copies free to our Bands, and for an extra hundred, \$1 00. Postage, 11 cents.

Although "OUR JAPAN HOME" has been printed but a short time, it has already received favorable commendation. Mrs. Pruyn, who aided us in the preparation of the paper, has used it with pleasure in her parlor and Mission-Band meetings.

SKETCHES OF OUR WORK.

We have at 41 Bible House a few copies of the "Gospel in all Lands," containing in two numbers short histories of the work of our Society in India and in Japan. Any of our friends wishing copies can procure them for fifteen cents each.

Mission-Band Department.

The Doll's Journey.

If one of the dolls sent from America to India could speak, what a strange story she could tell.

First she was put in a ship for a long voyage, and finally unpacked in Allahabad, India. One day, to her surprise, she was taken to a room where many little girls with dark faces, round black eyes, and queer dresses and jewels, were standing about, and she was given to one of them as a Christmas gift. The new mistress did not look like the little mistress she had left. This little mistress had on a pretty "sarree"—the dress of the Bengali girls—which is a piece of muslin wrapped in graceful folds about the body. She had no stockings and shoes, but her anklets fell over the top of her feet, and seemed in some way to take their place. Wherever she went they made a jingling sound. On her arms were many bracelets; but what seemed the funniest of all was the ring she wore in her nose, and which knocked the dollie's face every time she kissed her. The new mistress took her home to show her doll to her mamma and aunties. After she was duly admired, she was put into a glass case where everybody could see her, and where she could see everything that happened in this new, strange home of hers. On one side of the room was a horrid-looking figure of a goddess named Kali. She was as black as jet, and her long, red tongue was hanging out of her mouth. A necklace of skulls was hanging about her neck, and in

her hand was a large knife with which she was supposed to have killed her husband. She was not even pretty, like dollie herself, and yet every day the women would worship her, and teach the dear little girl to do the same. There were other idols about, and each morning a few flowers with some little grains of wheat, were laid in front of these idols as an offering, and they were treated as though they were great and powerful, and yet the women would all acknowledge they were only wood and stone. Dollie noticed that the women in the zenana did not seem to have much work to do, and that much of their time was spent in putting on the oddest of jewels and in a kind of foolish talk. There was one woman, older than the rest, who appeared to be the grandmother of all, and of her most of the women seemed to be afraid. Sometimes she would be very cross, and then the rest of the family would keep very quiet. At other times they would all quarrel, and dollie would be frightened with all the noise and confusion about, and would long for the quiet, peaceful home she had seen in America. One day they saw a lady come in with a basket of books and sit down among the zenana women, and she saw that the little girl's mother was learning to read the Bible, and after the lady had gone the women would sit reading and studying instead of sleeping or quarreling. Oh! children, if your dollies only could speak and could go home to you after a stay in these Indian houses, how many sad stories they would have to tell you of the suffering of the poor women who are shut up in their prison-like homes! They would tell you, too, of the joy they gave to the poor little Hindu girl, who has so few things in life to make her happy, even while young, and who only can look forward to just such a secluded life as she sees her mother lead.

G. WARD.

The Sacred River of India.

In days of yore, according to the Ramayan, there lived a king named Sogor, the fame of whose holy acts, particularly his austerities and liberality to the Brahmins, filled the three worlds,—heaven, earth and patal, or the infernal regions. This king was blessed with sixty thousand sons, in answer to earnest prayer. Sogor was an ambitious monarch. Although he obtained a great name and had received distinguished gifts from the gods, he sighed for still greater honors. There was one distinction to which he had not yet attained, and that was to be numbered among the gods themselves and to ascend the throne of Indra, the king of heaven. There was but one method, according to Hindu tradition, whereby this greatest of honors might be attained, and that was by performing, successively, a hundred times and at regular intervals, the sacrifice of the horse. Sogor, however, resolved to perform it. Indra, although ever delighted with the devotion of mortals, was naturally jealous of his own prerogatives, and he now made it a matter of especial care to prevent any mortal attaining to that state of perfection, in virtue of which he might displace him from the sovereignty of the skies.

Indra was, therefore, always on the alert to prevent the horse sacrifice; and, therefore, as we may well suppose, few ever succeeded in performing it. According to the rules of this important ceremony, it was necessary to tie up the horse to be sacrificed in a solitary place in the midst of some lonely forest, on the night previous to his immolation, and to keep strict watch to defend him from the attacks of enemies, visible and invisible, the emissaries of Indra being among the number of the latter. Notwithstanding their supernatural powers, King Sogor succeeded in performing the sacrifice ninety-nine times. At length, full of hope and confident of success, he attempted the sacrifice for the one hundredth and last time. But alas! whilst the devout king watched with painful anxiety, amid solitary wilds, his devoted steed, whose immolation on the morrow was to raise him to the empire of the skies, to his dismay

and astonishment, disappeared as if by magic. There was no mistaking the thief, but the consecrated horse might be found. Who so fit to be employed in the search as his own sixty thousand sons? The young men entered eagerly into the design of their sire, and with filial devotedness consecrated themselves to the task of finding the stolen steed. With this view they divided themselves into several bands. They travelled long and far; no nook, no corner of the world was left unsearched. At last, by some strange accident, they all met on Sangor Island, on the neck of land where at present stands the temple of Kupil Nunn. As they approached the spot they beheld the sage Kupil wholly absorbed in his devotions. So intent was he that he took not the least notice of the young men. But to their astonishment, they saw the long-looked-for animal tied to a tree in the thicket hard by.

Wearied with travel and vexed with disappointment, they were enraged at the supposed treachery and hypocrisy of the sage, and imagining him to be the thief, they set to with truly good will and gave the poor Nunn a severe beating. He cursed his assailants, and in a moment they became a heap of ashes, whilst their spirits descended into the infernal regions. Hearing of the calamity that had befallen his sons, the king became as anxious about them as he had formerly been about his horse, and therefore he appeared to the Nunn, explained the mistake, and implored his forgiveness and assistance in order to recover his sons. There was only one way of accomplishing this end, and that was by bringing the Ganges down from heaven and leading it into the infernal regions. At last, Bhogirátte, a member of Sogor's family, succeeded, with the aid of Vishnu, in persuading Gunga to descend to the Himalaya. She came down very unwillingly, fearing that after she had been the salvation of millions of sinful beings, there would be no one found able to restore her to heaven. Vishnu promised that he would do it if she would only descend and deliver Sogor's sixty thousand sons. Gunga then quietly followed Bhogirátte. She reached the Himalaya, and descended to numerous other places which she had made famous. But

on the way she met with several adventures. The many other places where the sacred stream lodged in her downward progress are also esteemed holy, but some are more [famous as places of pilgrimage than others. At length, after sixty thousand years spent in this onward progress, during which time Bhogirátte faithfully attended her, the river Goddess reached Sangor Point, descended then into the infernal regions and delivered Sogor's sons, who immediately ascended up to heaven.

Such is the history, according to Hindu mythology, of the river Ganges. I have entered into it so fully because it is one of the most sacred objects of a Hindu's worship. Sangor Point is the place where it falls into the Bay of Bengal. It has become one of the holiest acts of Hindu superstition to bathe in heaven-descended waters.

The Ramayan says: "The junction of the sea and river has become a great place of pilgrimage.

"Who can describe the holiness that pervades its waters!

"The man that gives alms and bathes in its holy stream, will be delivered from all sin and have his dwelling in the City of God."

Prepared by MISS SUNDER.

DONATIONS.

We gratefully acknowledge the following gifts for our Mission Stations:

Calcutta, India. Two dozen dolls through Mrs. W. H. Van Wagenen, N. Y. One dozen dolls from Mrs. Jacob Le Roy, N. Y. Material and basted patchwork from Mrs. Williamson, New Haven, Conn. Twelve copies of Dr. Chamberlain's sermon for distribution among the Babus, from the American Bible Society.

Cawnpore, India. A box of dolls, material for embroidery, books, etc., from Miss Georgina Lowell, Boston, Mass.

Cyprus. Thirty-seven Readers and Primers from Mr. A. S. Barnes, N. Y. for school. Two boxes of Kindergarten forms through Mrs. S. E. Warner.

Japan. Box of working material from Miss E. F. Randolph, Easton, Pa. We received, for one of our Mission Boxes, purchases from a fair held recently at Sharon, Conn. It was the result of the unaided efforts (until the last day of the fair) of two little girls, for a child in India. They realized ninety dollars. We congratulate these little helpers of the good cause, and trust that many young hearts may be kindled to like zeal.

NEW LIFE MEMBERS.

Mrs. James W. Quackinbush, Hackensack, N. J.
 Mrs. E. N. Packard, by Mrs. Frank Wood, Dorchester, Mass.
 Miss Emma McCarter, by "Sarah Weed" Band, Columbus, Ohio.
 Miss Ellen E. Marling, by Mrs. Stephen Cutter, New York.
 Mrs. Jacob How and Mrs. S. Ellen Moody, by "Zenana" Mission Society, Haverhill, Mass.

NEW MISSION BAND.

"Brighton Heights" Mission Band, Staten Island.

RECEIPTS of the Woman's Union Missionary Society from
Sept. 25 to Nov 25, 1880.

NOVA SCOTIA.

A Nova Scotian friend, . . . \$1 00

MASSACHUSETTS.

Boston, Boston Branch, Mrs. H. Johnson, Treas. (See items below.) . . . 383 60
Haverhill, Haverhill Zenana Band, Miss M. S. Hosford, Treas., for Miss Ward's work, . . . 114 00
\$497 60

CONNECTICUT.

Farmington, Young Ladies of Miss Porter's school, per Miss Sarah Porter, . . . 100 00
New London, New London Aux., per Miss M. G. Brainard, for Miss Hamilton, Calcutta, 90; "Links," 4.50, . . . 94 50
Southport, Mrs. E. B. Monroe, for Japan Home, . . . 20 00
Woodbury, Ladies in 1st Cong. Soc., per Miss J. E. Bull, . . . 10 00
\$224 50

NEW YORK.

Albany, Albany Branch, Mrs. F. Townsend, Treas. (See items below.) . . . 138 70
Astoria, L. I., "Loving Helpers," for "Alice Wolcott," Calcutta, Bingham's Mills, Mrs. Susan A. Davis, 20; "Link," 1, . . . 21 00
Brooklyn, "Scudder Memorial Band," Miss A. K. Mirriclees, Treas., for "Kino Ikeda," Japan, . . . 160 00
S. S. of Ref. Church on the Heights, per Mr. A. F. Hand, for "Gin Inagaki," Japan, . . . 75 00
Mrs. Robert Forbes, . . . 8 00
Clifton, S. I., Mrs. C. J. Bridgman, annual subscription for 1881, . . . 20 00
Corona, "Leverich Memorial Band," per Mrs. Chas. D. Leverich, for "Shorinda Katsu," Japan, . . . 11 49
Holley, Mrs. Harriet C. Gould, for primers for the Cyprus school, . . . 2 00
Irvington, "Zenana Mission Band," per Mrs. John T. Terry, . . . 108 00
Ithaca, Ladies of Ithaca, per Miss J. L. Hardy, for Miss Ward's salary, 22; "Link," 2.10, . . . 24 10
New York, Woman's Missionary Association, and Branch of Holy Trinity Church, per Mrs. Sara S. Kissam, for "Fanny Tyng," Calcutta, . . . 30 00

Mrs. S. M. De Peyster, annual subscription, 1; "Link, soc. . . 1 50
Mrs. S. Cutter, for Life Membership of Miss ELLEN E. MARLING, 50, . . . 50 00
Mrs. D. P. Ingraham, 5; "Link," 1; per Mrs. S. Cutter, . . . 6 00
Mrs. D. J. Ely, annual subscription, . . . 25 00
Miss Eliz. Cronin, 3; Miss Mary A. Cronin, 3; "Link," 50c.; per Mrs. William Barbour, . . . 6 50
H. L. S., per Mrs. H. Johnson, . . . 10 00
Poughkeepsie, Poughkeepsie Aux., Mrs. G. W. Candee, Treas., towards support of Miss Crosby, . . . 235 50
Stony Point, Mrs. R. W. Turrell, for a piano for Miss Ward, "from her Uncle Parker, in memory of Aunt Sarah," . . . 50 00
Utica, Mrs. Sarah M. Mudge, 5; Miss C. Hurlburt, 5, . . . 10 00
\$1,000 79

NEW JERSEY.

Chatham, "Oak Ridge Mission Band," per Miss Sarah Wallace, for "Champa," in Calcutta, . . . 50 00
Franklinville, Franklinville Aux., Miss Lilian W. Spaulding, Treas., for girls in Athens, under Mrs. Kalopothakes, . . . 20 00
Morris Plains, "Morris Plains Band," Mrs. Mina Jones, Treas., for "Kane Sudzuki," Japan, . . . 60 00
Newark, Newark Aux., Mrs. Dr. E. D. G. Smith, Treas. (See items below.) . . . 272 50
New Brunswick, New Brunswick Aux., Miss M. A. Campbell, Treas., Bethel Mission, half-yearly payment for child in India, 15; for "Masa Ito," Japan, 12.50; for general treasury, 24.50, . . . 52 00
Princeton, Princeton Aux., Miss Ellen L. A. Brown, Treas., . . . 100 00
Trenton, Miss Mary H. Fisk, for "Mamie Fisk," Japan, 5; "Link," 60c., . . . 5 60
\$560 10

PENNSYLVANIA.

Lancaster, Miss S. S. Le Fevre, annual subscription, and "Link," . . . 1 00
Lenni, "E. B. Smith Memorial Band," per Mrs. C. B. Smith, . . . 5 00
\$6 00

OHIO.

Cincinnati, Cincinnati Branch, Mrs. M. M. White, Treas. (See items below.)	225 42
Columbus, "Sarah Weed Band," per Miss Kate Gardiner, for "Sophie McKee," Japan, and for Life Membership of Miss EMMA McCARTER,	50 00
	<u>\$275 42</u>

ILLINOIS.

Chicago, Chicago Branch, Mrs. O. F. Avery, Treas. (See items below.)	\$58 82
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MISSOURI.

Maple Grove, Miss Juliet W. Hill, from the neighborhood of Ma- ple Grove,	1 00
St. Louis, St. Louis Aux., Mrs. S. W. Barber, Treas., for "Shoshie," in Calcutta,	35 50
	<u>\$36 50</u>

SALES OF PUBLICATIONS.

Subscriptions to "Missionary Link," Mrs. E. D. Ward- well, 2; Mrs. S. V. R. Pott and others, 2.50; smaller sums, 5.95,	10 45
Sale of leaflets,	5 15
Japan paper,	3 00
Collecting Cards,	1 00
Report,	15
Gospel in all Lands,	10
Christian Weekly,	07

\$19 92

Total receipts from Sept. 25th to Nov. 25th,	\$2,680 65
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Received for replacing the reserve
fund:

Miss Julia Van Vorst, N. Y.,	100 00
Rev. R. C. Matlack, Phila.	100 00
Previously acknowledged,	800 00

\$1000 00

Mrs. J. E. JOHNSON,

Ass't Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of Boston Branch.

Dorchester and Roxbury Aux., through Mrs. Frank Wood, Treas.:	
Mrs. Walter Baker,	200 00
Mrs. Henry Smith,	5 00
Miss C. Shaw,	5 00
Mrs. J. S. Kendall,	5 00
Mrs. M. P. Wilder,	5 00
Mrs. M. L. Bradford,	5 00
Mrs. W. O. Taylor,	5 00
Mrs. John Davis,	2 00
Miss C. A. Vinson,	1 00
Mrs. Jas. Foster,	1 00
Miss E. Tolman,	1 00
Mrs. Jas. Tucker,	2 00
Miss M. H. Vinson,	2 00
Mrs. John Foster,	1 00
Mrs. Albert Morse,	1 00
Miss E. Sharp,	1 00
Mrs. Frank Wood, making Mrs. E. N. PACKARD, Life Member,	50 00
Two copies "Link,"	1 20

"Links,"	5 00
S. S. of Second Church, Dor- chester,	40 00
From Roxbury:	
Mrs. Dani,	10 00
Mrs. Rupp,	5 00
Miss Rogers,	5 00
Mrs. Ward Marston, subscrip- tion and "Links,"	7 00
Total from Dorchester and Rox- bury Aux.,	365 20
Mrs. E. Crosby,	3 00
Mrs. J. D. Richardson, subscrip- tion and "Links,"	4 80
Miss Lowell, for freight on box to India,	10 60
	<u>\$383 60</u>

Mrs. HENRY JOHNSON,

Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of Albany Branch.

Mrs. La Grange's Band, for the support of a Bible Reader in Yokohama,	20 00
Annual subscription from Mrs. Mary Pruyn,	10 00
Miss Clarissa Adams, for the Mis- sion at Yokohama,	50
The Bethlehem Mission Band, through Miss K. T. Udell, Sec.	5 00
Ladies of the 1st Ref. Church,	

through Mrs. E. Phillips, Coll.:	
Miss J. A. Lansing,	5 00
" E. D. Sumner,	5 00
" S. F. Sumner,	5 00
Mrs. C. Van Zandt, for "Link,"	60
Miss Egberts, for "Eg- bert's" Band,	20 00
Mrs. C. V. R. Berry, for	

"Stephen Van Rensselaer" Band,	20 00
For "Link,"	60
	<u>56 20</u>
Mrs. Howard Townsend, as annual subscription,	50 00
	<u>\$141 70</u>

Less cash paid Journal Co. for advertising "Fête Champêtre" in 1878,	3 00
	<u>\$138 70</u>
MRS. FREDERICK TOWNSEND,	
Treasurer.	

RECEIPTS of Newark Branch.

Calvary Church, by Mrs. Wheeler, for Bible Reader in Calcutta,	42 00
By Miss Sarah Wallace, "Little Leaf Blades" of Sussex Ave. Infant school, for support of "Anondo,"	30 00
By Miss J. W. Abeel, North Ref. Church :	
Miss Ida Wagner,	3 00
"Link,"	50
Miss Kate Duncan,	1 00
Mr. Joseph Pienovi,	1 00
Mrs. Joseph Pienovi,	1 00
"J. Wilbur Smith,	1 00
"Link,"	50
Mrs. Isaac Kelburn,	2 00
"Link,"	50
Miss E. E. Howell,	3 00
Mrs. David A. Depue,	1 00
"F. T. Frelinghuysen,	5 00
Miss Bessie Clark,	50 00
Mrs. R. B. Symington,	5 00
"F. R. Van Nest,	3 00
"E. B. Polhemus,	2 00
Miss J. H. Polhemus,	2 00
"Mary Polhemus,	2 00
Mrs. John Leverich,	1 00
Miss A. B. Duryee,	1 00
"M. O. Duryee,	2 00
"C. R. Duryee,	2 00
Mrs. Stephen H. Condict,	1 00
"Link,"	50
Mrs. Alex. Clark,	2 00
"Link,"	50
Miss Harriet K. Steele,	1 00
Mrs. Fayette Smith,	2 00
"James Taylor,	1 00
"Link,"	50
Mrs. Robert Ballantine,	10 00
"Link,"	50
Miss C. R. Abeel,	1 00
"J. W. Abeel,	2 00
Mrs. W. H. Lyon,	1 00

Mrs. E. D. G. Smith,	5 00
	<u>117 50</u>
By Mrs. C. Graham and Mrs. J. Ward, 2d Presb. Church, 31.50; also from a friend, 5,	36 50
By Miss J. A. Avery, Woodside :	
Mrs. Horace Carter,	1 00
"Horace Nichols,	1 00
"Matthias Smith,	1 00
"Robert Smith,	1 00
"Norton,	1 00
"Smith Carter,	1 00
"Catherine Smith,	1 00
"James Kitchell,	1 00
"Matthews,	1 00
"C. C. Hine,	1 00
Miss J. A. Avery,	1 00
Mrs. Boyd,	1 00
"Gordon,	1 00
"George Swinnerton,	1 00
	<u>14 00</u>
By Mrs. William A. Whitehead, Trinity Epis. Church :	
Mrs. Brientnall,	5 00
"John Rutherford,	5 00
"Benedict,	5 00
"Wm. A. Whitehead,	5 00
"Alex. Campbell,	2 00
"Johnson,	2 00
Miss Gifford,	1 00
Mrs. Miller,	1 00
"Mackie,	1 00
"H. W. Duryee,	1 00
"Bartram,	2 00
	<u>30 00</u>
By Mrs. J. Howard Smith, Ref. Epis. Church, Miss Gore, 1.50; Mite-box of E. M. H. S., 1,	2 50
	<u>\$272 50</u>
MRS. E. D. G. SMITH,	
Treasurer.	

RECEIPTS of Cincinnati Branch.

Band "Shining Lights," per Miss Cottie Fox, for education of child in Calcutta,	30 00
Collected by Mrs. Kemper :	
Mrs. W. W. Seely,	5 00
"A. C. Kemper,	5 00
"S. G. Tatum,	3 00
"W. H. Allen,	2 00
"M. E. Handy,	1 00
Miss F. E. Smith,	1 00
"Lupton and "Link,"	1 60
"Warder and "Link,"	1 60

James Brown Kemper,	1 00
Bartholomew School,	2 62
	<u>23 82</u>
Collected by Mrs. Samuel J. Broadwell :	
Mrs. Robert F. Leaman,	5 00
Contents of Master Nat. Wilshire's Mite box,	2 10
Mrs. Charles S. Dickson,	5 00
"E. J. Miller,	5 00
"N. L. Anderson,	5 00
"Bellamy Storer,	1 00

Mrs. Elliott H. Pendleton,	10 00
" Jacob Burnett, . . .	2 00
" Robert B. Bowler, . .	5 00
" Murray Shipley, . . .	5 00
" W. W. Seely,	5 00
" Sam'l J. Broadwell, . .	5 00
Lily Broadwell Foster, . .	2 00
Mrs. Sam'l J. Broadwell, for "Helen Neff," . . .	15 00
Mrs. A. S. Winslow, . . .	5 00
Collected by Mrs. N. Foster:	77 10
Mrs. G. Taylor,	5 00
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" Wm. Carson,	2 00
" John Tweed,	1 00
" Joseph Andrews, . . .	2 00
" N. Foster,	10 00
Collected by Mrs. N. H. McLean:	25 00
Mrs. N. H. McLean, . . .	5 00
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Mrs. W. P. Anderson, . .	1 00
" Frank Lawson,	1 00
" Theo. Cook,	1 00
" L. M. Dayton,	1 00
" Thos. Phillips,	1 00
" Oliver Perin,	1 00
" Geo. Harrison,	1 00
" Robt. Macready,	1 00
" Wm. Procter,	1 00
" Wm. F. Thorne,	1 00
" Richard Dymond,	1 00
" W. P. Hulbert,	1 00
" Frank Wilson,	1 00
" B. F. Branan,	1 00
Miss Clara Dymond, . . .	1 00
Other collections,	22 00
	47 50
	\$225 42

MRS. M. M. WHITE,
Treasurer.

RECEIPTS of Chicago Branch.

Mrs. Sage, for publications to dis- tribute,	3 00
Mrs. O. Ely,	2 00
Mrs. M. A. Farwell, for "Sato Sakabe," Japan,	5 00
Martha Park, for "Link," . . .	60
H. P. Merriman, M. D., in me- morial of Mrs. M.,	20 00
Mrs. Pruissener, for child in Ja- pan, supported by primary	

class in S. S. of 1st Cong. Church,	8 32
Mrs. H. Humphrey, for "Sato Sakabe," Japan,	20 00
	\$58 92

MRS. O. F. AVERY,
Sec. and Treas.

RECEIPTS of Philadelphia Branch, from Sept. 23 to Nov. 25, 1880.

Through Mrs. A. F. Lex:	
Miss M. M. Kirkpatrick, for support of "Shorelatta," 100;	
do. annual subscription, 20;	
do. "Links" and postage, 1.20,	121 20
Through Mrs. R. C. Matlack:	
S. S. of Church of the Saviour, for the support of "Helena Farr," Rangoon, 25; Mrs. S. M. Patterson, 2; Mrs. Earley, "Link," 50c.; Mrs. R. C. Mat- lack, 10; Miss Emily Page, 10,	47 50
Through Miss M. A. Longstreth:	
Susan Longstreth, 10; Eliza- beth Morris, 10; Mrs. Theo- dore H. Morris, 10; Mrs. Fred- erick W. Morris, 10; Mrs. William H. Morris, 5; Anna Morris, 5, for support of Bible Reader in India; M. A. Long- streth, for support of Bible Reader under Mrs. Bennett, 50,	100 00
West Chester Aux., through Miss Farley, Treas.,	59 60
Germantown Aux., through Miss Halloway, Treas.:	
Mrs. Downs, 2; Miss Hallo- way, 1; Miss M. Halloway, 1,	4 00

2d Presb. Church, collected by Mrs. P. F. Hagar:	
Mrs. Elliott, 2; Mrs. Beale, 2;	
Mrs. Brockie, 2; Mrs. Bussier, 1; Mrs. Morgan, 1; Mrs. P. F. Hagar, 2; Mrs. Kimball, 1;	
Miss F. Kimball, 1; Mrs. Firth, 2; Mrs. W. Hagar, 1; Miss Schively, 2; Mrs. Cross, soc.,	17 50
Collected by Miss Halloway:	
Mrs. Bradbury, 5; Mrs. Moffly, 2; Mrs. Marshall, 2; Mrs. Gar- rettson, 3; Mrs. Lloyd, 1;	
Mrs. Groves, 1; Mrs. Wiggan, 2,	16 00
Total from Germantown Aux.,	37 50
Interest from Harriet Holland Estate,	490 00
Through Miss Dillaye:	
Miss Bonney, 20; Miss Dil- laye, 20; "Thank offering" from Young Ladies of Chest- nut St. Seminary, for Christian Homes, 30,	70 00
	\$925 80

MRS. C. B. KEEN,
Treasurer.

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